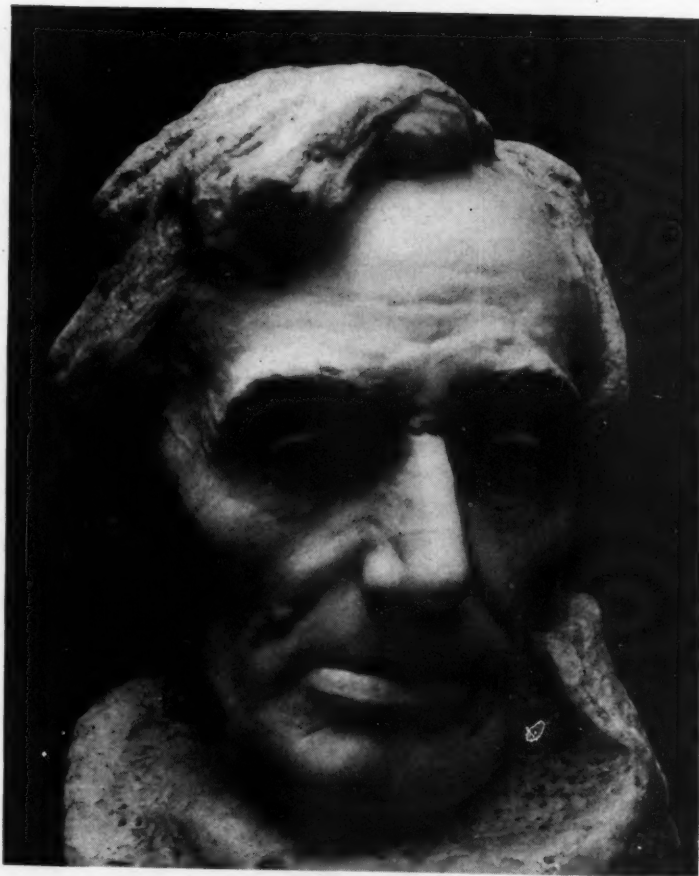


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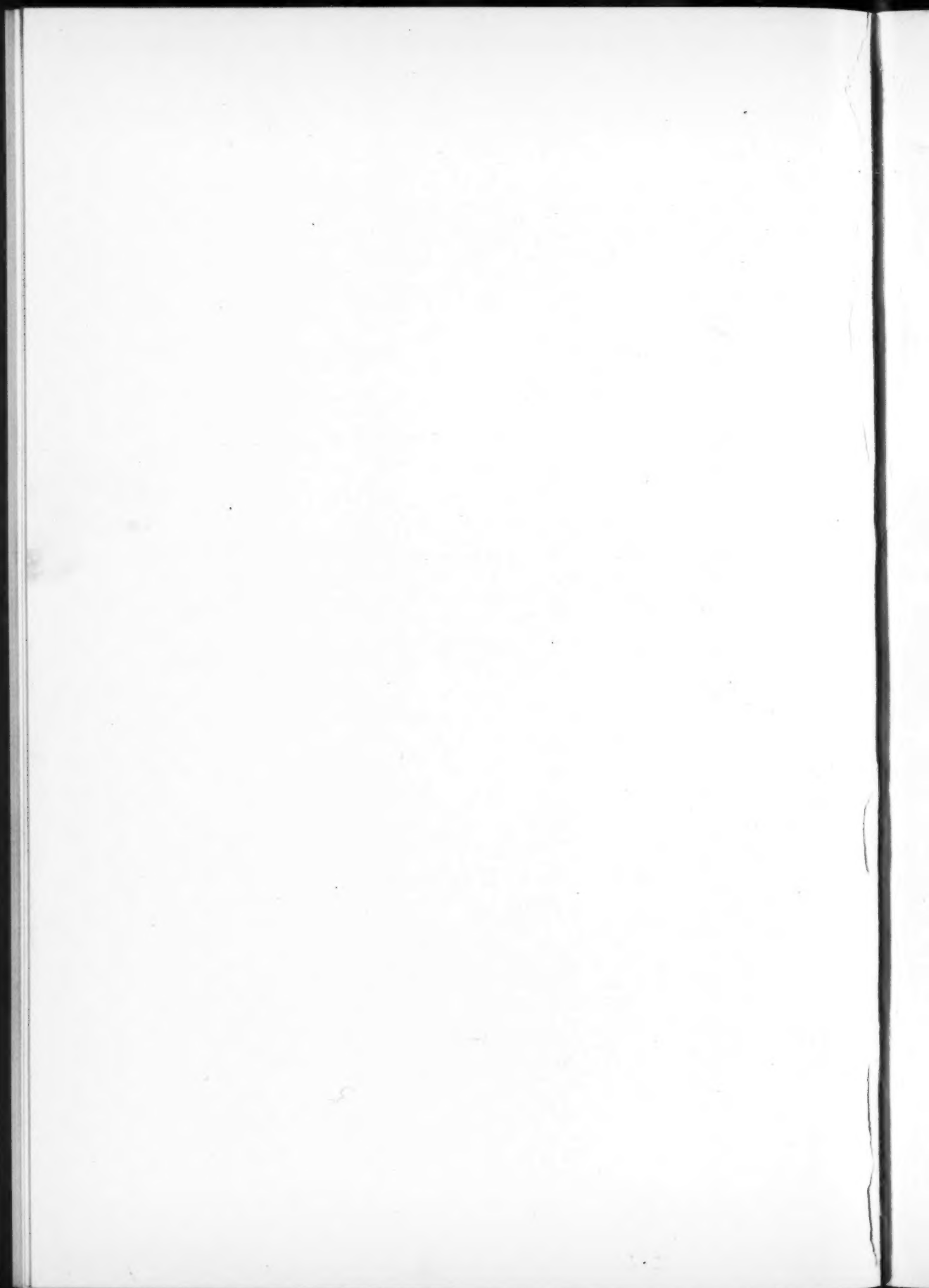
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JULY-AUGUST, 1918

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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN, *Literary Editor*

Advisors

New York, HAMILTON HOLT
Stockholm, CARL LAURIN

Copenhagen, HARALD NIELSEN
Christiania, CHRISTIAN COLLIN

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The most spiritual interpretation of Lincoln is still the bust by GUTZON BORGLUM, the Danish-American sculptor, who thereby has rendered his country as great a service as by any of his public activities.

ROGER NIELSEN, of Omaha, is the author of a remarkable book on the foreign policy of our President, which, published in Denmark, has been the means of clarifying Danish opinion regarding the unselfish purpose of our entrance into the war.

After writing the message that appears in this number, DR. MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN has announced his resignation from his post as American minister to Denmark, owing to continued poor health. The news will be received with deep regret. Dr. Egan's generous, sympathetic understanding of Denmark's difficulties has contributed greatly to our friendly relations with that country. Fortunately, we may hope that he will go on interpreting America and Scandinavia to each other by the work of his pen.

KNUTE NELSON of Minnesota will soon enter upon his fifth term in the Senate, at the request of the President of the United States, and as the practically unanimous choice of his state regardless of party. His American ideals found beautiful expression in his tribute to "The Life and Character of Lincoln," delivered in the Senate last 22nd of February, and it is significant of the position he holds that he should be chosen for this task. The Senator was born in Norway and still speaks his native "Vossing."

REV. J. A. O. STUB is executive secretary of the National Lutheran Commission for Soldiers' and Sailors' Welfare. In this capacity, and as field representative of the Lutheran Brotherhood, he has traveled 31,000 miles and visited most of the camps. He is now in charge of the New York office of the Commission.

ERNST W. OLSON is the editor of *Ungdomsvännen*, a Swedish magazine published in Rockford.

CARL NEUMANN was born in Denmark and went to sea as a youth, but has now lived in this country for more than fifty years. His home is in Chicago, where he plies his trade as a painter. He has written many popular poems both in Danish and in English.

THORA GRÖNVOLD has appeared in the REVIEW before as a translator of selections from Arne Garborg's poems. She is a teacher in the high schools of Fari-bault, Minnesota.

RASMUS R. SABY is instructor in political economy at Cornell University.

LOLA RIDGE is an American poet of Australian extraction who has recently become known through her long poem "The Ghetto" in the *New Republic*. A volume of her poems will appear in the early fall with the imprint of Huebsch.



Photo by Underwood

WOODROW WILSON

"WE HAVE NO SELFISH ENDS TO SERVE. WE DESIRE NO CONQUEST, NO DOMINION. WE SEEK NO INDEMNITIES FOR OURSELVES, NO MATERIAL COMPENSATION FOR THE SACRIFICES WE SHALL FREELY MAKE. WE ARE BUT ONE OF THE CHAMPIONS OF THE RIGHTS OF MANKIND. WE SHALL BE SATISFIED WHEN THOSE RIGHTS HAVE BEEN MADE AS SECURE AS THE FAITH AND THE FREEDOM OF THE NATIONS CAN MAKE THEM."

THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

VOLUME VI

JULY-AUGUST · 1918

NUMBER 4

A Message from the President

THE REPRESENTATIVES OF TWENTY-FOUR NATIONALITIES WROTE TO THE PRESIDENT ASKING HIS APPROVAL OF A PLAN FOR SPECIAL FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATIONS ORGANIZED BY THE VARIOUS FOREIGN GROUPS TO SHOW THEIR LOYALTY. THE PRESIDENT'S ANSWER FOLLOWS:

TO OUR CITIZENS OF FOREIGN EXTRACTION:

I have read with great sympathy the petition addressed to me by your representative bodies regarding your proposed celebration of Independence Day, and I wish to convey to you, in reply, my heartfelt appreciation for its expressions of loyalty and good-will. Nothing in this war has been more gratifying than the manner in which our foreign-born fellow citizens and the sons and daughters of the foreign-born have risen to this greatest of all national emergencies. You have shown where you stand, not only by your frequent professions of loyalty to the cause for which we fight, but by your eager response to calls for patriotic service, including the supreme service of offering life itself in battle for justice, freedom, and democracy. Before such devotion as you have shown, all distinctions of race vanish, and we feel ourselves citizens in a Republic of free spirits.

I therefore take pleasure in calling your petition, with my hearty recommendation, to the attention of all my fellow countrymen, and I ask that they unite with you in making the Independence Day of this, the year when all the principles to which we stand pledged are on trial, the most significant in our national history.

As July 4, 1776, was the dawn of democracy for this Nation, let us on July 4, 1918, celebrate the birth of a new and greater spirit of democracy, by whose influence we hope and believe what the signers of the Declaration of Independence dreamed of for themselves and their fellow countrymen shall be fulfilled for all mankind.

I have asked the Committee on Public Information to coöperate with you in any arrangements you may wish to make for this celebration.

WOODROW WILSON.

President Wilson

By ROGER NIELSEN

THE mightiest man in the world, they call him. And still nobody thinks of him as a superman. Why? Is it because he, unlike the *Uebermensch* of Nietzsche, has become more and more human as his power has grown? Is it because he never forgets that power and might are nothing in themselves, but great only as means to the greater goals?

No overman, but who can name a career more remarkable than Woodrow Wilson's? Ten years ago, he failed to democratize a university. Five years ago, he started falteringly to democratize his country. To-day, he is successfully democratizing the world. History has seen nothing stranger.

And men ask: How has he accomplished it? How does he compare with other great men? What is the secret of his success?

Gladstone's greatest gift was his fascinating rhetoric. When he introduced the budget, even dry facts and figures became glowing romance in his mouth, and he held Parliament spellbound for hours upon hours. No such talent is Wilson's. He is eloquent, but he can not sway men as Gladstone could or Gambetta.

Napoleon never stopped working. If he woke up at night, he called his secretaries at once and began to dictate. Work was his life and soul. Wilson has not the same passion. Though no man has worked harder than he has for the past five years, he really likes to loaf and sleep late in the mornings.

Richelieu always impressed everyone as the master. His stately bearing, his stern and piercing eyes, his imperative gestures never failed to tell that his will was law. There is no atmosphere of willed masterfulness around Wilson. He has poise, dignity, and determination stamped all over his person, but he is inclined to keep down this side of his nature rather than to emphasize it.

It is said of nearly all the great commanders in the present war, Joffre, Haig, Pétain, and Hindenburg, that they were born taciturn. They can keep silent in more languages than Mithridates could speak. But, though Wilson has become the best listener that ever occupied the White House, he is not so inclined by nature; for he enjoys nothing better than a real talk, and his love of a good story is just as great as was Lincoln's.

Lloyd George is a man of instantaneous decisions. Instinct, intuition tell him what to do, and he acts at once, never hesitating. Wilson has not the same faith in his first judgments. He seldom reverses a decision once made, but he takes his time in reaching it. Passion shook him so when the *Lusitania* was sunk that he had to

walk the streets of Washington most of the night; but he fought it out and returned in a spirit that allowed him to view the case unhampered by his feelings.

The personality of Roosevelt is all-conquering. He squeezes a man's hand, he smiles, he steps out on a platform and shows the crowd his teeth in that engaging grin, and—they are all his, body and soul. Wilson could never do it. Nobody has truer, more devoted friends than he, nobody impresses an audience as more sincere or worthier of their trust; but he cannot help keeping people at a distance, he is shy, he shrinks from too much intimacy.

Power was to Bismarck his very existence. Forced to resign, he lost interest in everything, became morose and morbid, and ceased to care for life itself. Wilson would possibly not feel the slightest personal regret, if he had to step out of the White House to-day. That fateful night in November, 1916, when it seemed that Hughes had been elected, there was no more cheerful person in Long Branch, New Jersey, than Woodrow Wilson. He showed no impatience, he smiled, he talked unconcernedly over the telephone, while victory after victory was announced for his opponent.

Wilson has few of the eccentricities of great men. As a matter of fact, he is a very plain, every-day person. One might even call him a little commonplace; for he prefers detective stories to problem novels, he goes regularly to vaudeville shows, and—worse still—his greatest pleasure is an old-fashioned family picnic with lunch under a shady tree and a nap afterwards.

But when all this is said, how much do we know of Woodrow Wilson? Did we find, did we even touch his real self? Surely the man who has attained his commanding position in the council of nations can be no ordinary man.

Long before America entered the war, he was hailed as the moral leader of the world. To-day he is more. He is the very conscience of the world. For he has proved himself the man of action and still kept the faith. In becoming the doer he has not thrown the idealist overboard. He had the courage, vision, greatness of thought to make this war a war of pure principles, morality against expediency, idealism contra egotism. He bound America to fight to the end for humanity and international justice, to make the world safe for democracy, and to ask nothing for itself, no matter how great the cost in men and money. The cause of the Allies was from the first the cause of right, but he made it the cause of unselfish right, and his messages have become their greatest source of inspiration and moral strength. His extreme fairness and ever-vigilant sense of justice have impressed even his enemies. There is no one in the world to-day able to dispute his supreme leadership in international affairs.

What is it, then, in this man, seemingly so plain and common, that

at times raises him to heights seldom, if ever, attained by other men?—Is there a side to him that we can not see? Has anybody really penetrated to the man himself, the soul behind the mask? Maybe a very few, his most intimate friends. Certainly not the public at large. For Wilson knows nothing harder than to disclose himself.

In the greatest of all his speeches, his Lincoln address of September, 1916, he said:

“ . . . I have nowhere found a real intimate of Lincoln’s. I nowhere get the impression in any narrative or reminiscence that the writer had, in fact, penetrated to the heart of his mystery, or that any man could penetrate to the heart of it. That brooding spirit had no real familiars. I get the impression that it never spoke out in complete self-revelation, and that it could not reveal itself completely to any one. It was a very lonely spirit that looked out from underneath those shaggy brows and comprehended men without fully communicating with them, as if, in spite of all its genial efforts of comradeship, it dwelt apart, saw its visions of duty where no man looked on. There is a very holy and very terrible isolation for the conscience of every man who seeks to read the destiny in affairs for others as well as for himself, for a nation as well as for individuals. That privacy no man can intrude upon. That lonely search of the spirit for the right perhaps no man can assist. This strange child of the cabin kept company with invisible things, was born into no intimacy but that of its own silently assembling and deploying thoughts.”

In these beautiful words on Lincoln we have the best picture of Wilson himself. They may be too spiritual, too subtle as applying to the great Emancipator. But nobody can doubt that they are wrung from Woodrow Wilson’s heart, that they come from a man who seeks his own inspiration in this holy and terrible loneliness of the soul.

America

*The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong.*

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Freedom, Christianity, America

*A message through the AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW from the
American Minister to Denmark*

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

I HAVE only three words to say to my many American friends of Scandinavian blood in this country. One is Freedom: our fight to-day is for the right to *be* ourselves, to exercise the free will God has given us, to be men or to be machines controlled by absolutism. Think of Schleswig-Holstein, a monument of the broken pledges of Prussia—struggling since '63 for the mere right to have the word of God preached in the language of her Danish forefathers. Read Machiavelli's *Prince*, and you will see the inmost intentions of the Kaiser. No nation, according to the definition of Prussia, which to-day treats Bavaria and Hanover and Saxony as subjects tied to her chariot wheels, has a right to a national life of her own. He who would be free must fight for freedom and endure much.

My second word is Christianity, the essential teaching of which is that the will is free. Machiavelli held to the principles of anti-Christ; he denied all that Dante and the lovers of freedom in Christian ages had asserted. If Christianity can submit to the dogma that *Might is Right*, that all crimes are excusable in order that one tyrant shall rule, then Christianity has been Prussianized, as Nietzsche Prussianized philosophy. "St. Paul says," a Lutheran Swedish divine said to me recently, "that all power comes from God! but," he added, "rulers like the Kaiser are the scourges of God, as Attila was."

And my last word is America, sacred to all of you who have chosen it as your home. We who have been born here are less American than you—for you chose your country, while we only inherited it—America, which must flourish or perish in principle, if we do not win this war. But we shall win!

Long, Too Long, America

By WALT WHITMAN

*Long, too long, America,
Traveling roads all even and peaceful you learn'd from joys and prosperity only,
But now, ah now, to learn from crises of anguish, advancing, grappling
with direst fate and recoiling not,
And now to conceive and show to the world what your children en masse
really are.*

Norse Legions of Democracy

By HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

A HUNDRED THOUSAND strong and more the Norse legions of democracy are marching on from the prairies. They came at the first call to arms, taking their places as Americans, falling into step with Yankee and Celt and Slav and Latin. There is no Scandinavian regiment in this war resembling the Fifteenth Wisconsin in the War for the Union, and, even if one had existed, the young men from the "Scandinavian states" would not have cared to join it. Our Government has not encouraged the formation of regiments on lines of nationality; the time for such passed decades ago, and the young men of to-day train and fight as Americans and nothing else. Here and there, we find foreign groups, as in a regiment of the National Guard, where four hundred Finns, speaking no language but their own, had enlisted in a body, but nothing similar is recorded of the Scandinavians, and indeed it would be hard to find anywhere in the length and breadth of the land a solid group of Swedes, Danes, or Norwegians unable to speak English.

The estimate we can make of the actual number of men of Scandinavian birth or parentage in the army and navy is therefore based almost entirely on their names and their religious faith. We learn, for instance, from the postmaster at the Great Lakes Training Station near Chicago that the predominant nationalities among the thirty thousand men training there are the Norwegian, the Swedish, and the Irish. The secretary of the National Lutheran Commission for Soldiers' and Sailors' Welfare is authority for the statement that 225,000 men have registered as Lutherans, and it is roughly computed that Scandinavians constitute rather more than one-half of these, while a few would naturally be found in other denominations. I am therefore well within the facts in giving the actual number of Scandinavians in the service as 115,000.

Occasionally a flashlight falls on some high peak of patriotism and hints of the wide fields of unrecorded action. If every county in the United States had done as well as Chiago—the most Swedish county in Minnesota, if not in the Union—Bryan's famous prophecy that "a million men would spring to arms between sunrise and sunset" would not have been drowned in ridicule; for, on the very day war was declared, sixty-five young men enlisted from the county. A Swedish Lutheran congregation there, which numbers two hundred souls, counting babes in arms, has given thirty-two of its members. In numerous small towns throughout the Northwest, Governor Burnquist tells us, the draft was not put into operation because they had already more than filled their quota with volunteers. Among



THE AUGUSTANA COLLEGE BAND, WHICH ENLISTED IN A BODY

the first of these was Lindstrom in Minnesota, a city with an almost purely Swedish stock, and its record of eleven per cent. of the population enlisted is probably still unequaled. Winneshiek County, Iowa, the seat of Luther College, has a population only thirty per cent. Norwegian, but the volunteers from the county were seventy-five per cent. Norwegians. In the University of Minnesota, the proportion of Scandinavians in the service is slightly more than the normal ratio for the whole student body. At a recent meeting of the Red Wing Conference of the Augustana Synod, the pastors present were asked to report on how many of their church members were in the army and navy, and the total number was found to be 15,000, a proportion of the entire membership which, if carried out through the whole population of the country, would give us five million men under arms at this moment.

While the Danes are less numerous and more scattered than the other two races, no one with the slightest knowledge of Danish sentiment can doubt that the countrymen of *den tapre landsoldat* have done their duty bravely. The Norwegians have always been strong in our navy, a large number of the older non-commissioned officers being Norwegians; and their young men, even when born on the prairies, have preferably enlisted for sea service. In the Swedes, the old military spirit has reasserted itself with a vigor and spontaneity natural in a race brought up on traditions of great warrior-kings from the time of Sweden's greatest expansion. They seem to have furnished an especially large quota of officers, judging from the

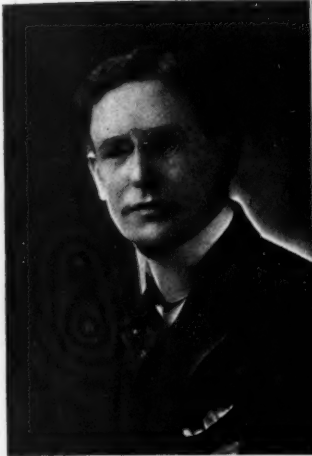


ENSIGN THOR NORBERG, WHO HELPED
INTRODUCE THE LING SYSTEM OF GYM-
NASTICS INTO THE NAVY

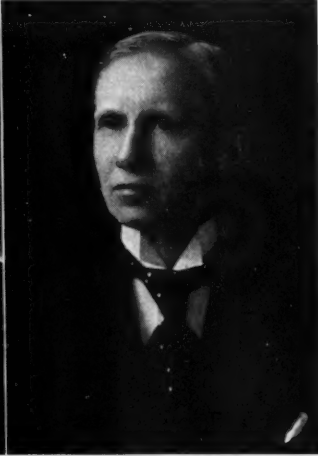
lists that fill column after column in the Swedish-American weeklies. Augustana and Gustavus Adolphus, the two largest of their colleges, have respectively twenty and twenty-two officers represented on their service flags. The first two American officers to fall in the war were both born in Sweden and both men with splendid records. One was the aviator, Lieutenant Victor Carlström, killed by the collapse of his machine while instructing an army pupil at Newport News. The other was Lieutenant of Marines Fredrik Wahlström, who was with Pershing's Expeditionary Forces, and was killed in a motorcycle accident in France. On the other hand, the Scandinavian of highest rank now in active service is a Norwegian, Colonel Alfred W. Björnstad, of St. Paul, who is at present in France organizing the Third American Army Corps as chief of the General Staff.

The record for Scandinavian colleges is held by Augustana, whose service flag with 201 stars represents two-thirds of the male attendance. The Augustana men flocked early to the colors; the band enlisted in a body to form, with slight reorganization, a regimental band, and the college has furnished four chaplains and twelve camp pastors and Y. M. C. A. workers. The other colleges have also done well.

At Camp Cody and Camp Dodge, whole regiments show the complexion inherited from their Norse ancestry. In height and brawn they keep up the reputation gained in the War for the Union, when the Norwegians were the tallest Europeans in the army of the North, surpassed only—and that by a mere fraction of a centimeter—by the Colonial Americans. To-day North Dakota, with a population about half Norwegian, boasts the crack regiment of the army, the 164th U. S. Infantry, which, it is claimed, tops every other regiment in the service by two inches in average height and twenty pounds in average weight! South Dakota, also a strong Norwegian state, is the only one where over eighty per cent. of the young men examined were found fit for service, while next in order followed the other Middle Western and Northwestern States. Prairie spaces and Norse blood have made a race that is long-limbed and deep-chested.



PROFESSOR W. H. SCHOFIELD,
PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN-
SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION



PROFESSOR WM. HOVGAAARD,
WHO HAS JUST BEEN AWARD-
ED THE GOLD MEDAL OF THE
LONDON INSTITUTE OF NAVAL
ARCHITECTS



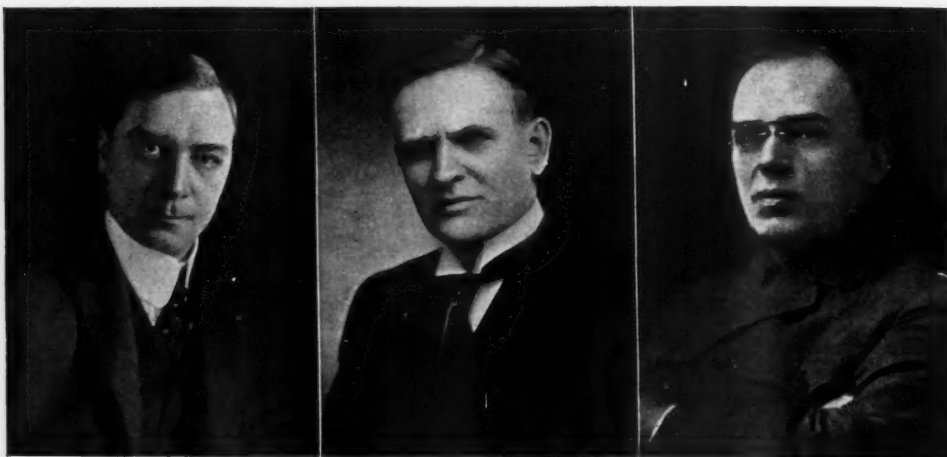
CAPTAIN OSCAR H. HAUGAN,
FORMER NORWEGIAN CONSUL
IN CHICAGO, NOW INSPECTOR
OF ORDNANCE IN THE ARMY

Nor is the spirit found wanting. Scandinavian boys have not the impassioned gallantry of the young French officers who went to meet the Germans with white gloves and red waving plumes. Their feeling is more akin to the cool pluck of the Anglo-Saxon, but sometimes they startle us with an expression that is all of the North; for now and then we see a familiar young face transformed, redrawn in lines of fierce strength; and we meet the glance of an eye that has changed overnight, kindled with the hard light that belongs to the fighting races. Then we remember that these are sons of a people who went into battle laughing. From the casualty lists we know that many of them have already made the supreme sacrifice.

The heavy enlistment from the "Scandinavian states" is not all due to inherited roving blood and love of hard blows. We shall not get many protestations of patriotism from the boys, but now and then a word, dropped carelessly, betrays a spirit of devotion as deep and strong as that in the older men. And what of these older men, many of them born on the other side, who leave large affairs to train in camp with the youths, men of subtly adjusted brains and wide experience, who are giving themselves to stop gaps in the trenches? And what of those who must stay at home and who are giving freely of their time, their money, their brain-power to less exciting tasks of feeding the furnace of war at home?

When we come to these latter activities, we can marshal at least some figures, since much of the work has been done through organizations already existing or organized for the purpose.

In the Liberty Loan drives, we find Scandinavians always measur-

*Underwood Photo*

DR. JULIUS LINCOLN, WHO HAS RESIGNED HIS PASTORATE AT JAMESTOWN AFTER TWENTY YEARS' SERVICE TO LECTURE FOR THE U. S. FOOD ADMINISTRATION

IRVINE L. LENROOT, ELECTED TO THE U. S. SENATE FROM WISCONSIN, THE FIRST SWEDISH TO ATTAIN THAT HONOR

CAPTAIN C. S. PETERSON, ORGANIZER OF A COMPANY OF RESERVE MILITIA FORMED CHIEFLY BY MEMBERS OF THE SWEDISH CLUB OF CHICAGO

ing up to what is required, and in many localities distinguishing themselves by exceptionally solid and brilliant work. The states of Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, upper Iowa, and upper Michigan—all strong Scandinavian states—are comprised in the Ninth Federal Reserve District, in which the Third Liberty Loan drive was organized with an efficiency that resulted in heavy oversubscription. Every man in every township in every state was allotted a certain amount, and when Swan Swanson or Ole Olsen came to town, the local representative of the committee would tell him how much he was expected to take and at the same time "pass the word" that the neighbors had decided to meet at a certain time and place to put in their subscriptions. On the appointed hour, the street outside the bank or opera house or whatever place had been designated, would be lined with automobiles, and the whole business would be finished in less than an hour. No distinction of nationality was made, but I am indebted to Professor A. A. Stomberg, a member of the central committee, for statistics which show that in seventy-five townships with a population from eighty to ninety-eight per cent. Swedish the oversubscription was forty-seven per cent.

In other districts a suggestion of the Government was carried out by the forming of foreign-language committees. While the amounts gathered by this means are not always impressive in themselves, they become so when we remember that they represent small amounts personally solicited by members of the committees. To swell them, servant-girls have taken of their slow savings deposits to



DR. MAX HENIUS, PRESIDENT
OF THE JACOB A. RIIS LEAGUE
OF PATRIOTIC SERVICE

BARONESS ALMA DAHLERUP,
ORGANIZER AND PRESIDENT OF
THE DANISH WOMEN'S CIVIC
LEAGUE

HAGBART BRASE, CONDUCTOR
OF THE GREAT ORATORIO
CHORUS AT LINDSBORG

give to the land of their hopes, and housewives, in these days of mounting prices, have pared their expenses to the bone. Moreover, these small depositors have all contributed in other ways, through the various societies to which they belong, or through the schools where their children are vying with one another in buying Thrift Stamps. Looked at in this way, the \$5,100,000 subscribed by Scandinavians in Chicago in the Third Liberty Loan drive becomes truly stupendous. Of this amount the Swedes have contributed \$3,000,000, the Norwegians \$1,500,000, and the Danes \$600,000. If we accept as correct the estimate that there are 18,000 Danes living in Chicago, this means \$33.33 for each person, exclusive of larger investments by business firms, which have not passed through the hands of the Danish committee.

By sanctioning the foreign-language committees for the Liberty Loan drive, the President set the stamp of his approval on patriotic work carried on within lines of racial grouping. Two organizations with a nation-wide scope have been formed by Scandinavians for such activities. The John Ericsson League of Patriotic Service came into being as an answer to those who questioned the loyalty of the Swedes. Now the Danes have undertaken to aid the Government by putting at its disposal a complete machinery for reaching every citizen of Danish descent in the country. The Jacob A. Riis League of Patriotic Service grew out of the efficient committee that managed the Third Liberty Loan drive in Chicago, and its headquarters will remain in that city, though it will have a National Council of prominent men all over the country.

The women of the North have never quite lost the art of knitting;

the demand for socks and sweaters found them not only willing, but skilled. The first to organize for systematic work along this line was the Danish Women's Civic League in New York, formed early last year with the aim of showing the loyalty of the foreign-born to the American cause. It has now four hundred members. Among the thousand or more garments knit from wool provided by the League, some are the work of the old ladies in the Danish Home for the Aged in Brooklyn. It is the second time these good ladies are fitting out men to fight the Germans; for some of them can remember knitting for the soldiers in Slesvig in 1864.

In the nursing profession, Scandinavian women are well represented, and at least one Red Cross unit, Chicago No. 11, is composed almost entirely of Scandinavian women. In the coeducational colleges, the women of the faculty have conducted classes in food conservation on lines advocated by the Government and have supervised the making of surgical dressings. At St. Olaf College in Northfield a War Service Institute is being held during summer vacation for intensive training in various kinds of home work.

I should like to tell of the women in every walk of life who have contributed in some unique way. Ane Marie Jensen has her own page in the REVIEW. There is Mrs. David Kindleberger in New York, who leads the army of trained knitters with ten sweaters a week made by her own hands; and there is another Norwegian woman, Mrs. Ole Schulberg of Dunn, North Dakota, who has given her farm to the Red Cross. There are the clever organizers like Mrs. Othelia Myhrman, president of the Swedish-American Women of Chicago Club, which raised enough money by a sale of buttons to buy an ambulance for the Red Cross. And I could tell of the artists, of Olive Fremstad singing in training camps, Marguerite Leslie giving all her time to the Red Cross, and Carlotta Nilsen selling Liberty Bonds.

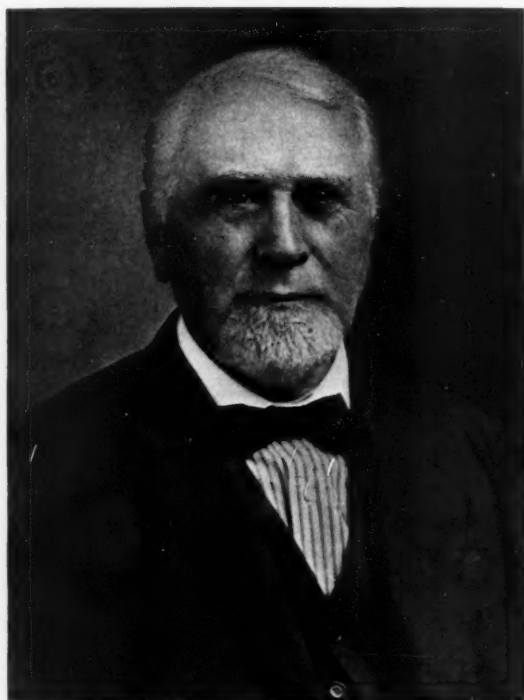
I should like, too, to tell of the visit of the Great Oratorio Chorus of Lindsborg to Camp Funston to sing to eight thousand soldiers. "Never was there such singing in the history of Kansas," writes a local paper, describing how "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" rolled out over the moonlit prairie, sung by the Chorus and assembled soldiers. In these days, when all are giving of their best to the country, it fell to Lindsborg's lot to give the crowning gift of a great and noble inspiration.

Why We Are at War

By KNUTE NELSON

An authorized interview written by R. S. N. Sartz

GERMANY wanted war, and she has it. That fact has been so well proven that further discussion of the question of responsibility for the war is unnecessary. How the war has been carried on by Germany is a matter of history. She began by



Underwood Photo

SENATOR KNUTE NELSON

declaring treaties "mere scraps of paper," violating all rules of international law, invading neutral territory which she was pledged by solemn treaty to defend, and leaving murder, atrocities, and piracy in her wake. Women and children, old and young, by the hundreds, were indiscriminately slaughtered with fire, gun, and sword, in a manner resembling the raids of the Indians upon our frontier settlers in pioneer days. Towns and villages by the score, with churches, libraries, museums, and works of art, were ruthlessly destroyed. But for the great generosity of the people of the United States and of Great Britain, the Belgian people would have slowly perished from starva-

tion in the fangs of the German army of occupation.

How the submarine campaign against ships of commerce, which in itself is a violation of the rules of all civilized nations with respect to visit, search, and capture at sea, has been carried on ruthlessly since the first of February, 1917, is likewise a matter of record. At that time, a submarine zone was prescribed around the British Isles, in the English Channel, the waters of France, and the inner part of the Mediterranean Sea, in which zone all neutral shipping, including that of the United States, was forbidden to enter under the threat of an intensive, indiscriminate, and destructive submarine campaign.

The plan and purpose of the German government, if it could have been carried out successfully, would have amounted to a total embargo on all our trade with Great Britain, France, Italy, Holland, and Greece. This would have destroyed upwards of three-fourths of our commerce, as the chief markets for the products of our farms, our factories, and our mines are in the countries within the scope of the German submarine zone. Could our country tamely submit to an embargo by German submarines on nearly all our foreign commerce? But more than all this, could we tamely submit to the indiscriminate, ruthless, and cruel destruction and slaughter of our citizens and sailors at sea bound on peaceful missions?

As further evidence of German submarine methods, take the case of the small neutral country of Norway. She has aimed throughout the war to preserve a strict neutrality, and the scantiness of her natural resources has helped her in this purpose. Yet she fared almost as badly on sea as Belgium on land. More than eight hundred of her ships, about 1,500,000 tons in all, have been sunk by German submarines, and over a thousand Norwegian sailors have lost their lives in consequence, many of them killed by German guns after they had succeeded in entering the life-boats. In some instances, the officers of these ships were accompanied by their wives, but these women were no more than their husbands immune from German shells even in the life-boats, and thus suffered as cruel a fate as many of the poor women in Belgium. What has been said about Norway holds good also with regard to the other two Scandinavian countries. Though the actual losses of Denmark and Sweden have been smaller, it is only because they have not had so much to lose.

Long before Congress declared war against Germany, that country had made war upon us by invading our country with her army of spies, plotters, strikers, and other paid emissaries. What these more than undesirable invaders have accomplished, or rather in vain have tried to accomplish, is again a matter of record, and I shall not go into details here. It is sufficient to call attention to the fact that many of them have been tried and convicted, and are now in prison.

All these various schemes and plots were carried on, or inspired, by von Papen and Boy-Ed, official attaches of the German ambassador, von Bernstorff. The German government, during the period of our neutrality, seemed utterly oblivious of our rights and duties as a neutral nation. It acted as though our country were a province of the German Empire, where it could carry on its nefarious schemes with perfect immunity. Had American citizens carried on such operations in Germany, under the direction of our ambassador or otherwise, they would undoubtedly have been shot or hanged with-

out a moment's delay. We have simply tried the plotters in our own civil courts and given them short prison terms, which serves to illustrate the benignity of our system of government compared with that of Germany.

Germany, no doubt, expected that her submarine campaign against our commerce and her plottings and schemings in this country would ultimately extinguish our great patience and forbearance. So, to be prepared for this contingency, she sought through her Foreign Minister, von Zimmermann, to secure Mexico's help in an attack upon our nation.

There is no doubt in my mind that, if Germany should succeed in vanquishing the Allies in this war, our country would be the next victim. With all Europe at her feet, the United States would seem Lilliputian to her, and she would soon reach out for us. To me it seems the part of wisdom to meet her now with the aid of our Allies, instead of waiting for them to be vanquished and our country invaded.

Aside from this consideration, however, the conduct of Germany toward our country in this war, both on land and sea, in our own domain and abroad, has been such that it more than justifies us in carrying on a war against her. She has rudely and defiantly trampled upon our rights and we should be a craven among nations if we silently submitted. What loyal and patriotic son or daughter of America can honestly say, or in his or her bosom cherish the idea, that we have not good and valid ground for war? Nay, more than this, does not the welfare of our common humanity warrant and demand it?

The war will undoubtedly be a considerable burden to us, but in the end it will prove to be the moral regeneration of our country. We shall now know "who is who," who is for our country and who is against it, who loves some other country more than ours—the country in which he lives.

Before concluding, I should like to call attention to one more point, namely, that this great war which our country and the Allies are carrying on in Europe will be of as much value to the small neutral nations as to our own land, for if Germany should succeed in conquering France, England, and Italy, she would be paramount in Europe and throughout the world; little countries like Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium would then be mere vassals of Germany and would have to dance to her fiddle. Therefore, as far as possible, these small countries ought to sympathize and co-operate with that country which is now the only supply and commissary they have left, the United States.



THEY "WOULDN'T WAIT TO BE DRAFTED," THESE BOYS OF THE NATIONAL GUARD FROM IOWA, MINN. NEBRAS.

In Camp with the Brotherhood

By J. A. O. STUB

WHEN the boys from the great Scandinavian states in the West were called to the colors, the Church desired to follow her sons. She had given them gladly to the country, and she wished to provide for their welfare while they were in the service. This is being done through two organizations: the Lutheran Brotherhood, now engaged in a campaign for a hundred thousand new members, and the National Lutheran Commission for Soldiers' and Sailors' Welfare, which, together with the Brotherhood, has recently collected a fund of more than a million and a quarter dollars.

The inception of the Lutheran Brotherhood was at Camp Dodge last summer. While the camp was in process of construction, the Iowa district of the Norwegian Church, President H. C. Holm, purchased a plot of ground and authorized a committee to go ahead with the erection of a suitable church and recreation building for the Norwegian boys who would soon be pouring in. About the same time, the Iowa Conference of the Swedish Augustana Synod took similar steps, and the two committees soon decided to combine their efforts. To take care of the work, the Lutheran Brotherhood, an organization of men something on the order of the Y. M. C. A., was formed, its first president being a Swede, Rev. A. Norrbom. While the organization includes twelve Lutheran church bodies, it is but fair to say that the Scandinavians, who took the initiative, have also given the larger measure of support.



IOWA, MINN. NEBRASKA, AND THE DAKOTAS, ASSEMBLED AT CAMP CODY, NEW MEXICO, FOR EASTER SERVICE

The building erected by the Brotherhood in the heart of Camp Dodge is the finest of its kind in the country, steam-heated throughout, and completely equipped in every way. As many as twelve hundred men have attended the Sunday morning services, and as many as two thousand have been present at the social gatherings held twice a week. Two pastors are in charge of the work. Similar buildings are in course of construction in other camps. The slogan of the Brotherhood is: Loyalty to home, loyalty to church, loyalty to country.

Meanwhile the direct work of the church bodies grew by leaps and bounds. Our Norwegian Church authorized an expenditure of \$100,000. It became evident that only by united effort, avoiding duplication, and husbanding of resources, could our church in any measure care for the Lutheran boys in the Army and Navy, estimated at about two hundred thousand. The National Lutheran Commission for Soldiers' and Sailors' Welfare was therefore formed at a meeting in New York, called last October, by President Schmauk of the General Council. About two-thirds of the Lutheran churches in the United States, including practically all the Scandinavian synods, are now formally affiliated with the Commission, while the remaining one-third coöperate in some external matters. It is no injustice to say, however, that Scandinavians have been the backbone of the Commission, and that their vigor and enthusiasm inspired all to undertake a work that, a year ago, would have seemed impossible.

To-day the Commission supports about one hundred camp pastors or volunteer chaplains, who devote their energies to ministering to



AN ASSEMBLY IN THE HOUSE OF THE BROTHERHOOD AT CAMP DODGE

our boys in various ways. They call on them in barracks, comfort and encourage them, and strengthen their determination to give their best to the country. They hold religious services. They speed those who are about to leave for overseas, write to their parents, and look up boys who are slow in writing home. These men

wear a dark gray uniform and are now pretty well known in most of our camps. Furthermore, the Commission tries to keep in touch with the boys through its headquarters at 437 Fifth Avenue, New York. If correct military address is sent in, the workers there will endeavor to look after your boy.

A number of men are devoting their time exclusively to hospital work, and, although primarily working in the interest of our Lutheran Church, the representatives of the Commission try to minister to all who are in need of their services, and it is doubtful if any boy with a Scandinavian name is ever overlooked in a hospital. Among its other activities is the publication of literature, and it is endeavoring to place a practical Army and Navy Service Book in the hands of every Lutheran boy.

Last February, the Commission and the Brotherhood conducted a joint campaign to



THE HOUSE AT CAMP DODGE, THE FIRST TO BE ERECTED

raise \$750,000 for the prosecution of the work. When the campaign closed, \$1,300,000 had been raised, and money was still coming in! Many of our Scandinavian states in the Middle West doubled and quadrupled their quota, thanks to the splendid work of their state chairmen, often carried on at great personal sacrifice. Thus S. H. Holstad of Minneapolis gave up his business entirely to carry on the campaign in his state. Minnesota's quota was \$89,000, but it raised \$258,000. A single county, Hennepin, under the chairmanship of President Frank Nelson of Minnesota College, collected \$50,000. Mr. J. K. Jensen of Janesville left his thriving business there and moved to Milwaukee in order to devote himself to the work in Wisconsin. The quota of his state was \$64,000, and it raised \$168,000. Mr. A. O. Hauge of Des Moines quadrupled Iowa's quota. Mr. Nestos of Minot sent in a cheque for \$49,614.41 as the contribution from North Dakota. The chairman of practically every Middle Western and Northwestern state was of Scandinavian origin.

Much money was raised, but the work has grown to such gigantic proportions that the original estimate of \$750,000 will not suffice to carry it on even for one year. Yet we are confident that when the call goes out again our devoted and loyal people will surpass our most sanguine expectations.

The Patriot's Prayer

By ERNST W. OLSON

THIS PATRIOTIC AIR, BASED ON C. W. A. STRANDBERG'S "STRIDSBÖN," HAS BEEN SUNG BY THE WENNERBERG MALE CHORUS OF AUGUSTANA COLLEGE AT SEVERAL TRAINING CAMPS AS WELL AS AT PATRIOTIC MEETINGS

*Lord of realms and spheres unnumbered,
Mighty Ruler evermore!
Hear our prayers, bestow Thy blessings
On us from Thy bounteous store.
Thine the power, Thine the glory,
Grant that freedom e'er be ours;
Lord Almighty, stand Thou with us,—
Then we fear no earthly powers.*

*Yet, if in our country's story,
Blazoned with Thy deeds, O God,
There's a page to fill with glory
Which must needs be writ with blood,
Grant us grace to fight with honor,
Else for us no sun must rise,
And the stars that saw us falter,
Cast them, Lord, from out the skies.*

Interpreting America

NO policy could be more short-sighted than the suppression of the foreign-language press now advocated by some apostles of Know-nothingism. The newspaper in the immigrant's own language does more than any other one agency to acquaint him with the ideals and institutions of his new country. The Scandinavian press has from the beginning been an exponent of Americanism. The men who fought in the Fifteenth Wisconsin, many of them, could not read English, but learned the issues of the war from a little Norwegian sheet published in a hamlet in Wisconsin. The immigrant of to-day has a better education. He often knows English before he comes here, and in any case absorbs it with avidity as soon as he sets foot on American soil. Yet he needs a newspaper in the language of his homeland. It carries to him a more intimate message; it speaks in a voice he knows, and therefore inspires confidence.

During the first two years of the war, the Scandinavians in the West were lukewarm, inclined to blame both sides in the conflict equally. They were on friendly terms with their German Lutheran neighbors and slow to believe that the kinsmen of these people could be guilty of the atrocities they heard of. At that time, the press, with greater knowledge, was in advance of its constituency. As early as July 29, 1914, *Skandinaven* uncovered the intrigues of Austria against Serbia, and, on August 18, *Decorah-Posten* wrote:

The German emperor seems to be master of the situation. At a word from him, Austria would probably have accepted Serbia's apology for the murder of the heir to the throne. . . . If the emperor had said this word, there would have been no war, but he did not say it. Therefore he now stands before the world as the one who is chiefly responsible for the war. If, furthermore, we ask why Germany wanted a world war, the only answer is: expansion of German power and military rule.

Minneapolis Tidende likewise blamed Kaiser Wilhelm for the war, while at the same time pointing out the failure of the whole "balance of power" system, and expressing what is now the one great hope of liberals the world over, saying:

One consequence of this war, it is to be hoped, will be that a few rulers shall no longer have power to plunge the nations into war. The executive power must be so lodged that it is fully responsible to the men chosen by the people and thus forced to do the will of the people and nothing else.

The Danish papers were, of course, intensely anti-German from the beginning. *Nordlyset*, *Revyen*, *Ugebladet*, and *Den Danske Pioneer* have constantly printed violent attacks on the Kaiser and all that he stands for. *Revyen*, in 1914, expressed a fervent hope that he and his accomplices would hang from the lamp-posts of *Unter den*

Linden, and *Nordlyset* published some very unflattering cartoons of him.

Svenska Amerikanaren, among the Swedish organs, came out squarely against Germany from the first, saying:

The fact that Germany began the war is beyond question. To be sure, it was Austria who first declared war against Serbia, but we may be very sure that this happened after an agreement with Germany regarding the consequences. Germany could easily have prevented war by refusing her aid to Austria in case the declaration of war against Serbia should provoke action from Russia. By not preventing the declaration of war, although the consequences could easily be foreseen, Germany incurred responsibility for the great war. History will without a doubt place this fearful responsibility on Germany.

Not all Swedish-American editors had an equally clear perception at that stage. Most of the Swedes in the United States belong to a generation that had the fear of Russia bred in their bone. They or their fathers left Sweden before the rise of Prussianism, and before the liberal development which shifted the foreign alignment of their mother country. To them, Russia was the hereditary enemy of western democracy, and they could not understand how liberal France and England could fight on the same side with the Czar. But as soon as Germany stood revealed the enemy of their adopted country, the Swedes in America knew no divided allegiance. The test of their loyalty came with the Luxburg revelations, which threatened serious misunderstanding between the country of their birth and that of their adoption. Then the Swedish-American press with one accord testified to the "one hundred per cent. Americanism" which has since become the slogan of Scandinavian-Americans. Among the numerous editorials breathing absolute loyalty, we choose a paragraph from *Nordstjernan*:

Swedish-Americans honor their homeland, but the new land to which they have given their fealty and their oath must stand and always has stood first. They are ready, if fate demands it of them, to give their blood (*kläda blodig skjorta*) for their adopted country, even against the land where they were born and bred, or where their parents were born and bred.

This article was attacked as "traitorous" by the Conservative organ, *Nya Dagligt Allehanda* in Stockholm, whereupon *Nordstjernan* reaffirmed its American loyalty in even stronger terms, saying:

It is inconceivable to us how any Swedish newspaper editor can fail to see that in the moment when we took our oath as citizens of this country we bound ourselves to defend it with our heart's blood, and this means that we might even have to fight our old homeland, if—which God forbid . . . there should be war between the United States and Sweden.

Our entrance into the war was accepted by the Scandinavian-language press with a sober realization of the struggle ahead of us, but in a spirit of absolute loyalty. The pacifist organ, *Reform*, still believed that President Wilson's ideal of a League of Nations could

have been realized without war, but bowed to the will of the people as expressed through Congress, counselling all citizens of Norwegian blood to stand solidly with the country, and to bear their share of the burdens faithfully. *Veckobladet*, which on the very eve of war had pleaded for peace, wrote that "we must each and all be ready to make sacrifices in whatever manner the welfare of our country demands, and must show in word and deed that we are worthy of our citizenship." A more belligerent note was struck by the larger newspapers. Thus *Svenska Amerikanaren*, before the declaration of war, wrote:

America did not want war and does not want war. If the matter rested with America, there would be no war between us and any other country. If America were to renounce all rights as a neutral, war might be avoided, but that would be the most contemptible position any one could take, and such a course would soon bring its own punishment.

On the day war was declared, *Ugebladet* wrote:

America is now in the war. That is no cause for rejoicing—on the contrary, it is to be regretted that it should be necessary to go so far. But the step has been taken, and now all Americans, native-born or immigrant, have but one duty: to be loyal to our country and our Government.

Skandinaven expressed unqualified approval of the action taken by Congress:

No one who has read the President's message to Congress can doubt that Germany, through a long series of lawless acts that lack a parallel in history, has forced the United States into the war. It had to come. The United States has been compelled to take up the gauntlet thrown us by Prussian autocracy, the natural enemy of democracy.

Turning from the press comments at the time of our entrance into the war to those of a year later, we find a remarkable consolidation of patriotic purpose. All papers without exception give generous space to the Liberty Loan, the Red Cross, and other national service. All record with pride the part taken by Scandinavians, the flocking of young men to the colors, the dedication of service flags, the loyalty meetings, the innumerable activities to aid the Government in its prosecution of the war. Among the editorials urging subscription to the Liberty Loan, we note one in *Washington-Posten* reminding its readers that liberty was "often the only heritage they brought with them from Norway," and they, to whom liberty had always been the very breath of life, ought to be the first to contribute.

It might perhaps be expected that Scandinavians, being proverbial "kickers" and haters of graft, should be the most loud-voiced critics of the Government, but their press is singularly moderate, slow to believe in "exposures," strong in demanding fair play for the Government. Thus *Svenska Kuriren* urges everybody to "drop all discussion and cease all criticism" that might "breed dissension and create

division, thus discouraging people from the sacrifices necessary to win the war." Similar pleas are made by *Minneapolis Tidende*, *Decorah-Posten*, *Veckobladet*, and others.

While the moral loyalty of the Swedish-American editors to their country has always been beyond cavil, it might perhaps be said that their intellectual enlightenment was completed with the German occupation of Finland. *Svenska Tribunen Nyheter* writes:

What does all this mean except that Germany is carrying on a war of conquest, and that Prussian autocracy is a real danger threatening the world? That danger is imminent for little Sweden, which is now in a much more dangerous position than in the days of the mighty Russian Czarism. Any one with open eyes can now see that a German victory would be fatal to all democratic nations, and not least to Sweden and the other Northern countries. Therefore it seems to us that the Swedes and their nearest neighbors should be especially thankful to America, which has entered the war, not for gain, but in order to help the weaker nations, to destroy German autocracy and militarism, and protect the freedom of the world. From America help must come, and America will win.

Minnesota Stats Tidning, while admitting that "the war was not at first popular," thinks that "there are surely few who do not now see the necessity of America's entrance into the war in order to crush German insolence."

Nordisk Tidende, published in Brooklyn, is in a position to reach a large number of unnaturalized Norwegians. Last November, the paper printed an article explaining the rules for exemption of foreign citizens from military service, and in doing so gave special typographical display to the following paragraph:

We hope that no Norwegian citizen will claim exemption unless absolutely compelled to do so. Norwegian citizens should remember that America is fighting for the right of small nations, and that a victorious ending of the war is just as important for Norway as for America itself.

In conclusion, we quote from a fervently patriotic editorial in a recent number of *Duluth Skandinav*:

Perhaps some of us feel a little depressed because duty lays upon our shoulders a burden which is a thousand times easier to bear than that borne by the soldier's mother or father. Perhaps we think times are hard, and we complain that we are not getting out of life all the pleasure and happiness that is our due. And yet—think for a moment of what is happening in the various training camps in this country—think of what is happening in Europe—think of the suffering—think of the privation—of the losses and of the pain and anguish, physical and mental, endured by the men in the trenches, and you will wake up to a new understanding—an understanding that will make you sacrifice everything to be of the greatest help, that will make you unfold all your powers to help not only our own community, but the entire world. Then duty will become a precious burden to you. You will sit down and think of what you have left undone that you might have done. You will feel small and weak and miserable when you measure yourself with your own great desire to work wonders, and you will feel what a great debt you owe to those who are pouring out their hearts' blood on the soil of France.

For Liberty and Right!

By CARL NEUMANN

THE AMERICAN PARAPHRASE OF "DEN TAPRE LANDSOLDAT" IS OFFERED BY MR. NEUMANN IN THE HOPE THAT THE MAGIC THIRD TIME WILL HAVE ITS EFFECT WHEN THE OLD TUNE IS SUNG BY AMERICAN BOYS ON GERMAN SOIL. THE ORIGINAL DATES BACK TO THE WAR BETWEEN DENMARK AND GERMANY IN 1848. IT WAS SUNG AGAIN IN 1864. THE POPULARITY IT HAS ALREADY GAINED IN OUR CAMPS PROMISES THAT IT WILL GO ACROSS WITH OUR BOYS AND BE ONE OF THEIR FIGHTING SONGS

*I heard my Country's call, I heard my Country's call,
A summons to us all, Yes, a summons to us all;
I shook my Daddy's fist, my Mother dear I kissed,
And told her how it was, I felt that now I must enlist.
But when I said good-bye to my girl so sweet and true,
She told me that, as nurse, she of course was going too;
So I am off to fight—for Liberty and Right,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!*

*I heard my Father say, I heard my Father say,
In his old-fashioned way, Yes, in his old-fashioned way,
When those who work and toil go off to war and spoil,
Who then shall do the harvesting and who shall till the soil?
Well, that is just the reason we all must hurry up
Or Teutons will come over and try to boss the job—
So I am off to fight—for Liberty and Right,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!*

*If the junkers should come here, if the junkers should come here,
They sure will domineer, Yes, they sure will domineer;
They meet you with a scowl, and tell you "Du bist faul,"
And if you talk United States, at once they yell "Halt's Maul."
For people who are linguists it may not signify,
But it makes quite a difference to chaps like you and I.
So I am off to fight—for Liberty and Right,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!*

*The Kaiser hates our flag, the Kaiser hates our flag,
Considers it a rag, Yes, considers it a rag,
But he and all his tribes, despite Teutonic jibes,
Will have to bow and bend the knee before the Stars and Stripes,
And proudly shall Old Glory wave on the battlefield,
Until the Hohenzollern shall bite the dust and yield;
So I am off to fight—for Liberty and Right,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!*

Our fathers fought before, Our fathers fought before,
And we will fight some more, Yes, and we will fight some more,
They fought for Liberty, and so indeed shall we—
And also strike an extra blow just for humanity;
When autocratic rulers they try to run amuck
It's up to us to show them their hour of doom has struck.
So I am off to fight—for Liberty and Right,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Tempo di marcia.

E. Horneman.





Miss Maude I. G. Oliver
Miss Agnes Fromen

Current Illustrations

MEN WHO FOUGHT IN THE CIVIL WAR THINK THE SOLDIERS OF TODAY ARE BEING SPOILED WITH "MOVIES AND SUCH NONSENSE." HERE IS A SAMPLE: TWO SILHOUETTES FROM THE COLLECTION OF MISS MAUDE I. G. OLIVER, WHO MAKES A PRACTICE OF CUTTING OUT PORTRAITS OF THE BOYS AT THE PARTIES GIVEN ON SUNDAY AFTERNOONS AT THE GREAT LAKES TRAINING STATION BY THE CORDON CLUB OF CHICAGO. MISS AGNES FROMEN CONTRIBUTES HER SHARE TO THE FROLIC BY MAKING MINIATURE BUSTS OF THE MEN



Miss H. Anderson
Co. C Camp Reg.
Great Lakes
Ill.

WHEN PRESIDENT ANDREEN VISITED HIS AUGUSTANA BOYS AT CAMP LOWDEN, THEY HAD MISGIVINGS ABOUT HIS ABILITY TO MOUNT A HORSE. ONE EAGER YOUTH WOULD HAVE BROUGHT A STEP-LADDER, AND ANOTHER SUGGESTED A FENCE, BUT "PREXY" ASTONISHED THEM BY VAULTING INTO THE SADDLE AND SITTING HIS HORSE LIKE A VETERAN. THE RIDE WAS LONGER THAN HE HAD EXPECTED, FOR THE BOYS INSISTED ON LEADING HIM IN TRIUMPH THROUGH THE CAMP

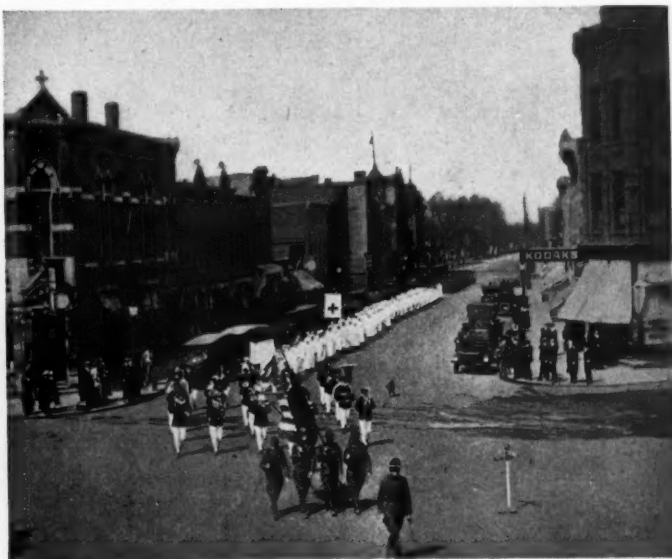


Courtesy of Augustana Book Concern



MADAME SIGNE LUND, WHO WON THE PRIZE OFFERED BY THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB FOR HER COMPOSITION "THE ROAD TO FRANCE" TO THE WORDS OF DANIEL M. HENDERSON

DEAN OF WOMEN, GERTRUDE M. HILLEBOE HAS ESTABLISHED A SPLENDID RECORD FOR RED CROSS WORK AT ST. OLAF COLLEGE. NOT ONLY IS EVERY STUDENT ENROLLED AS A MEMBER, BUT THE COLLEGE HAS ITS OWN RED CROSS AUXILIARY AND ITS OWN WORK-ROOM. THERE SURGICAL DRESSINGS ARE MADE UNDER THE DIRECTION OF TWENTY UPPER CLASS WOMEN, WHO HAVE TAKEN THE SUPERVISORS' COURSE. MOST OF THE YOUNG WOMEN HAVE ENROLLED IN THE RED CROSS PREPAREDNESS CLASSES IN "FIRST AID" AND "HOME CARE OF THE SICK." THE PARADE THROUGH THE STREETS OF NORTHFIELD MARKED THE CONCLUSION OF A MONTH IN WHICH 3,600 BANDAGES HAD BEEN MADE AT THE COLLEGE.





"THE CHARGE" AND "RECONSTRUCTION" ARE TWO OF THE FOUR BRONZE RELIEFS ON THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT BY DAVID EDSTRÖM JUST COMPLETED IN OTTUMWA, IOWA. THEY DECORATE THE BASE, WHICH SUPPORTS A GRANITE PILLAR SURMOUNTED BY AN EAGLE WITH WINGS SPREAD. THE FOUR RELIEFS CONSTITUTE AN EPIC OF WAR. THE FIRST SHOWS THE DEPARTURE OF THE SOLDIER FROM HIS OWN HOUSEHOLD. THE SECOND IS A POWERFUL REPRESENTATION OF THE FORWARD THRUSTING PASSION IN THE BAYONET CHARGE—THE "CARRYING ON," AS THE BRITISH CALL IT. THEN COMES THE DEATH OF THE SOLDIER IN THE FOREST WITH THE BATTLE RUSHING MADLY ON. THE LAST IS THE QUIET PATHOS OF THE RECONSTRUCTION, THE REHABILITATION OF THE LAND BY WOMEN AND BOYS.



The Service Flag

By THORA GRÖNVOLD

THE occasion was the dedicating of a service flag. The particular place I need not mention, for what I have to relate is true of most, if not all, Scandinavian communities of the Middle West. I walked up the broad aisle formed by two rows of majestic elm-trees to the large white church. About it were the graves of the pioneer settlers who had been its first members. The trimness of the lots and the dignity of the white tombstones bespoke the veneration with which the community had buried its dear dead.

Within the church, spacious though it was, the very aisles were crowded. We were ushered up to the benches beside the old-fashioned altar, and from that vantage point I had an opportunity to study the audience: faces familiar to my childhood, and yet unfamiliar. Some were aged, others but matured; all had a look of calm, strong determination, and bore the marks of character growth seen in those who have fought a battle and won; in those who have beheld a high vision and followed it.

With a feeling almost of awe, I watched the play of expression on their frank, kindly faces during the programme of speeches and songs. Weatherbeaten, graying fathers and stooped, toilworn mothers were there; younger men and women, some fairly beginning their life-work; young girls and children, their serious faces alight with enthusiasm over the beauty of the service.

The boys who were about to leave their homes to defend the Great Cause, were there for the last time. I saw no manifestations of regret or grief at leaving their beautiful homes and their chosen life-work. Brave smiles, erect heads, and eyes fastened on their own stars in the service flag told more eloquently than words that they realized the worth of their privilege: to give themselves to their country, that their loved ones might live in happiness.

The community is a prosperous one. In fifty odd years, large, modern farms have sprung up where Minnesota forests once grew. The people show the signs of affluence. Their dress is tasteful and modish. Their bearing has the self-confidence that comes with success. Their sons and daughters are given a good education. Their farm labor is lightened by modern inventions. Automobiles conserve their time. America has given them bounteously, and now they stand with open hands, eager to give to America in her time of need.

The progressive farmer of to-day keeps his money working. His income is put into additional land, into labor-saving implements, and into all modern improvements. In spite of the fact that the

farmer's money is "tied up" in this manner, the response in the community to the Liberty Loan drives, the Red Cross, and all other patriotic work has been hearty. The township I have in mind subscribed \$61,250 to the third Liberty Loan. The whole county, which has a large percentage of Scandinavian people, went far over its allotment by subscribing one and one-half million dollars.

The busy farm-wife does her direct share of Red Cross work. Up at four or five o'clock in the morning, she has her house in order, her bread baked, and her evening meal planned in time to spend the afternoon in the nearest church basement sewing for the Red Cross. She is capable, cheerful, and energetic. She sends her sons away with a smile, and lets the still, dark watches hide her grief.

Every church has its service flag, one with fourteen stars, one with thirty, and still another with fifty-five. Each star means not only a sacrifice of love, but also the re-shouldering of the burden by a father who has already done a life's work, and who has been looking forward to spending the afternoon of his life in the enjoyment of the fruits of his strenuous labor.

"What will you do without John on the farm?" I asked the gray-beard owner of a large, well-kept farm. His son was to leave for the army on the morrow.

"Oh, we'll manage somehow," was the answer. "Mary and Agnes will have the dairy with its twenty cows. Mary will take the cream to town in the truck, while Agnes helps her mother. Little Alfred will drive the horses in the field, run the tractor, and do the chores. If the Lord gives us health and strength, we can manage."

"John could have claimed exemption on the ground of truly necessary farm work," I suggested. I received a direct look from the clear, gray eyes of the good man.

"It is our privilege to release a brave son that he may do his duty to his country," came the quiet reply. "My father fought in the Civil War, though he had been here but a short time. His grave is yonder by the church. He gave us as a legacy a deep love for the country of our birth—of his adoption."

I looked in the direction he designated, and my thoughts overwhelmed me for a moment. That generation of staunch Norse men and women came to this country, bringing their dreams with them. They lived to see their dreams come true. But those visions, strong and worthy though they were, were but forerunners of other visions. In the brave faces of those people, I read the wonder-dream that is transforming this young country of many strains and welding it into one mighty brotherhood with an unswerving ideal: World Democracy.

One of the Knitters

AT the edge of the prairie town Dell Rapids in South Dakota lives Ane Marie Jensen of Aalborg (Mrs. Chris White), a splendid representative of thrifty, healthy Danish womanhood. When I entered her well-kept home, a savory odor of freshly



ANE MARIE JENSEN

fried doughnuts greeted me, but I had to cross the road in order to find the maker. Briskly she stepped out of the neighbor's house explaining that she had just brought over a few doughnuts for the "old lady"—who hardly claims more years than Ane Marie herself, but Ane Marie is only seventy years young.

I explained that a New York magazine wanted to publish the story of the socks she had knit from the wool of her own sheep, sheared, carded, and spun by her own hands.

"Oh, so much fuss about those socks! Why, I've all my life raised sheep and knitted—that's nothing new nor extraordinary," and she displayed sweaters, socks, shawls, all the fruit of her labor for her immediate family. "In Denmark I raised sheep and made my living by knitting," she continued, "and when we came to Dakota

forty-two years ago, of course we kept sheep. I was young then and had strong hands, and the farmers used to have me shear their sheep. I have done as many as thirty-five in a day. I remember once, when one of my children was a baby in arms, a farmer called for me to help him, and as I couldn't leave my baby, he lifted the cradle, baby and all, into his wagon. Yes, those were busy and happy days," and a soft light came into the snapping brown eyes. "I have had ten children and raised seven of them, and my second husband also had seven children, so you see I have had a large family to care and work for, and now I think I should have a rest."

As I looked at the strong, fine face, I said impulsively: "Oh, you can do much yet."

"I can do some," she said, with sparkling eyes. "Now the children are married and scattered, I have plenty of time to spin and knit, and I want to help keep the boys warm. I have a grandson in the army myself, Harvey Pedersen in Spokane"—she showed me a snapshot of a young soldier saluting—"and I want to do my little share for Uncle Sam who has done so much for me and mine."

A. S. S.

Beat! Beat! Drums!

By WALT WHITMAN

*Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows—through doors—burst like a ruthless force,
Into solemn church, and scatter the congregation,
Into the school where the scholar is studying;
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he hate now with
his bride,
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field or gathering
his grain,
So fierce you whirl and pound you drums—so shrill you bugles blow.*

*Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets;
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? No sleepers
must sleep in those beds,
No bargainners' bargain by day—no brokers or speculators—would they
continue?
Would the talkers be talking? Would the singer attempt to sing?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the judge?
Then rattle quicker, heavier, drums—you bugles wilder blow.*

*Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation,
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer,
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties,*

* * * * *

So strong you thump, oh terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow.

Editorial

LOYALTY OF SCANDINAVIANS "Are the Scandinavians loyal?" To us the question seems absurd, and yet we must accept the fact that it is now and then asked. *The Bellman*, a Minneapolis weekly of purely American affiliations, calls the question of Scandinavian loyalty "in itself almost an insult," and proceeds to answer it so much better than we could have done that we have asked permission to quote a few paragraphs.

"One of the most admirable traits of the Scandinavian is the quiet deliberation with which he forms his judgments. He is not to be stampeded into ill-considered action by flamboyant and superficial appeals. He makes up his mind on any given subject, not lightly, but soberly, considering it carefully in all its aspects. He is not satisfied with ready-made opinions, but must think out conclusions for himself; he is not given to precipitate decisions, but must fully understand before he will commit himself openly. . . . The Scandinavian judgment, conscientious in its desire not to be swayed by prejudice or hatred, but to arrive at its conclusion through knowledge of the truth and a sane, calm process of reasoning, has been formed, and it is not vacillating. A just and righteous wrath against the military aggression which has its exponent in Germany is aroused, and a patient, peace-loving people has fully determined on its course."

The Bellman goes on to speak of the Scandinavian element in the army and navy, and concludes: "In view of the exceptionally notable response of the Scandinavians to the calls made upon them by the Government, in acts of patriotism that count so much more than high-sounding, glib, and inexpensive language, those who, from ignorance or preconceived notions of race sympathies, would question their loyalty are put to shame. If all native-born Americans were doing their duty half as well as the Scandinavians, the country might well congratulate itself. In this great fight, by land and sea, in the service that goes to war and the service that helps at home, the American born in Scandinavia or of Scandinavian ancestry will be found among the foremost in strength, endurance, sincerity, and courage."

FOOD FOR NORWAY The treaty between our Government and that of Norway, which went into effect May 10, is gratifying in every way. It inaugurates an era of good feeling between ourselves and a friendly nation, and is entirely in keeping with the principles which our President laid down at the beginning of the war for our dealings with small neutrals. In providing generously for Norway's wants, our Government recognized the splendid service rendered our cause by Norway's brave seafaring men and enterprising

shipowners. The War Trade Board, in its public statement, spoke of the amicable and conciliatory spirit in which the negotiations have been carried on and paid a tribute to the eminent qualities of Dr. Nansen, the head of the Norwegian Special Mission.

The agreement confers substantial and, so far as we can see, nearly equal benefits on both parties. The Norwegian representatives were able to send at once the seed and motor plows needed for the spring plowing, and these shipments were quickly followed by supplies of corn and barley stored here by the Norwegian Government. Further purchases will be made in coöperation with Mr. Hoover's office, and it is expected that wheat and rye may be obtained from Argentina. The amount which Norway is allowed to import annually includes 300,000 tons of bread grain, 200,000 tons of fodder, besides other food, textiles, metals, fertilizers, and various miscellaneous articles.

Guaranties are, of course, given that none of these imports will benefit Germany directly or indirectly. The bulk of Norway's own products will go to our Allies, and, while the exports to Germany are not absolutely stopped, they are so curtailed that they will, in fact, be negligible. It is unofficially understood that the exportation of nickel will not be resumed during the war. Norway possesses certain rare and almost invaluable minerals used for lighting and in the manufacture of ammunition, and these will go chiefly to France, together with timber, fish, nitrates, and wood pulp. No disposition is made of Norwegian tonnage, since that has for a long time been used chiefly in the service of our Allies.

SCANDINAVIAN STUDIES The war cannot be won by men in khaki alone. Some of us must possess our souls in patience and take our places thousands of miles behind the fighting lines. Our high schools and universities must be supported and a reserve of brains maintained, particularly in the chemical and engineering sciences. Nor can the study of languages be neglected. Even German will be needed if the war continues several years, and our armies find themselves, as we hope, on German soil. The fact remains, however, that German studies have received a permanent setback. Our children will prefer hereafter to study the languages of free peoples, and no literature has contributed to the democratic thought of the world in richer proportion than the Scandinavian. Happily, we have had in this country since 1911 a Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study. Its publication, *Scandinavian Studies and Notes*, edited by Professor George T. Flom, with Professor A. Louis Elmquist as associate editor, serves the double mission of providing scholars with an organ for their investigations in Northern fields and of encouraging the introduction of Swedish and Norwegian into our high schools. Thus the latest number contains a complete

schedule of four-year high-school courses in Norse and in Swedish with text-books and supplementary reading. It is hoped that the Society will continue to concentrate in these two fields and not dissipate its energy. At the annual meeting on May third and fourth at the University of Chicago, Professor A. A. Stomberg was again made president, and most of the officers were reelected. Application for membership should be made to the Secretary-Treasurer, Professor Joseph Alexis, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Nebraska.

ABSENT VOTING Legislators have busied themselves, recently, in devising some means by which the voter who happens to be unavoidably absent from the polls on election day shall not be deprived of his vote. Nineteen of our states have passed laws in the past five years adopting some form of absent voting for civilians, whereas before 1913 only two had any such laws. In Norway, on the other hand, "absent voting" is an old, well-established institution, provision being made for it in the Eidsvold constitution of 1814, which with amendments is the constitution of Norway to-day. It is permissible both in national and in local elections, where absence is due to sickness, military service, or other valid excuse.

There is but little red tape connected with the practice. No official ballots are furnished. The "absent" voter makes out his ballot privately, and places it in an envelope, which he seals. If unable to help himself, he may have it made out for him. If outside the territorial limits of Norway, he may vote for his political party without naming candidates. He sends this ballot, together with a letter giving the reasons for his absence, to the election officers of the precinct in which he is a registered voter. He must affirm that the reasons given for his absence are true, but no further proof is required by law. Ordinarily, however, the statements will be confirmed by witnesses. Within the kingdom, his signature must be witnessed by some person of legal age; if outside the kingdom, by a Norwegian consul or Norwegian ship's officer.

After sending in a ballot, a voter may change his vote at any time before election by sending in another ballot. A voter may cast his ballot before leaving home if he so desires.

When the polls are closed, the election officers first pass on the validity of the excuses submitted by the absent voters. The tendency is toward liberality, particularly in local elections, but, since the voters throughout Norway are quite generally known personally to the election officers, there is little likelihood of fraud.

Five per cent. of the valid ballots cast in the parliamentary election in 1912 were sent in by letter. 619 were sent in from outside the realm. Of the 32,541 ballots sent in by letter, twenty-three per cent. were rejected. In the local elections of 1913, nearly eight per

cent. of the valid ballots were cast *in absentia*, and of the 37,977 ballots so cast, 13.2 per cent. were rejected. In Finmarken, a sparsely settled northern county, nearly half as many men and more than four-fifths as many women voted by letter as voted personally at the polls.

Absent voting is used to a greater extent in rural districts than in cities, and is used more freely by women than by men. The institution originated as an accommodation to fishermen, sailors, and members of scattered rural communities. It continues to serve great numbers who otherwise would be virtually disfranchised.

RASMUS S. SABY.

OVER THE
TOP

The REVIEW likewise has "gone over the top": more than four thousand new Associate subscribers since October 26, when we fired the first blast in Uncle Sam's mail-bag for our Friendly Aid Campaign. On May 17, the anniversary of Eidsvold, we registered our farthest advance into the territory of international indifference—8,274 subscribers. Thank you, good friends, one and all! If you wish to know the names of those who sent us most new Associates, here are a few of them:—fifty or more: J. G. Bergquist, O. Dorff, C. S. Haight, H. G. Haugan, E. O. Holter, H. G. Leach, Frederick Lynch, Tinius Olsen, W. H. Schofield, H. Björnström Steffanson, and A. A. Stomberg; twenty-five or more: John Aspegren, P. T. Berg, Mrs. J. A. Gade, J. W. H. Hamilton, H. J. Krebs, A. E. Paulson, J. P. Seeburg, H. W. Sibley, and C. A. Smith.

PRESIDENT
SCHOFIELD

The President of the Foundation has had an active semester, lecturing at five Western colleges and to communities round about. He represented not only the American-Scandinavian Foundation but Harvard University and the National Security League, and, none the less, his own strong personality. In his college lectures he endeavored to explain the origin of chivalric ideals in medieval France and England, showing how they were definitely animating the Allies in the present world war, in glaring contrast to the standards of the Central Powers. From all accounts Professor Schofield enjoyed the Middle West as heartily as it enjoyed him. He achieved four lectures in one day, and delivered fourteen addresses in the Twin Cities. Immediate fruits of his trip are Societies of Associates of the Foundation, with duly elected officers, in Galesburg and Rockford, Illinois; in Beloit, Wisconsin, and Northfield, Minnesota; in Wisconsin a strong Council of five of the most forceful men of the state, with Professor Julius E. Olson as Secretary. Professor Schofield has done yeoman service in urging the Yankee element to welcome with open arms the loyal and hearty coöperation of their liberty-loving fellow citizens of Scandinavian blood. Likewise he encouraged the latter to respect and

preserve their heritage as a glorious asset given to America in her hour of need. In Professor Schofield's work the heat of patriotism is accompanied by light and illumination. And no class of citizens, we take it, is better able to appreciate the rich learning and fine ideals of this American scholar than those of us who have learned our love of books and scientific self-analysis from the nursery of the North. Such is the testimony of the many letters attesting to Professor Schofield's work which have come to the editors of the REVIEW. "He has done wonders out here," says one. "He has shown us that the Foundation and its ideals of intellectual brotherhood are something which we must support now of all times; to become an Associate of the American-Scandinavian Foundation is a patriotic privilege."

H. G. L.

BECH The Trustees of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, **TRUSTEE** at their regular meeting in New York, June 8, elected two new Trustees. The choice of Mr. Georg Bech, formerly Consul General for Denmark in New York, and now engaged in export and import trade in that city, will be acclaimed by Danes the world over. He was elected to succeed Mr. Eskesen, and was, moreover, elected treasurer of the Foundation in place of Mr. Short, who resigned after six years of service. Mr. Charles J. Rhoades, formerly Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank in Philadelphia, and now in France in Y. M. C. A. service, was elected as the seventeenth Trustee. Mr. Rhoades is an American of English descent. At the same meeting the following nominations of Fellows for the academic year 1918-1919 were confirmed:

FROM NORWAY

DITLEF HALD, engineer, state railways of Norway, to study railroad technique, particularly signaling.
JOHN ANSTEINSSON, librarian, to study at the New York State Library School.

HONORARY (without stipend)

HERMAN DEDICHEN, chemist, to do research work in the by-products of cellulose at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
MARTIN L. REYMERT, doctor of philosophy, Foundation Fellow 1916-17, to study psychology at the University of Iowa.

FROM DENMARK

HARALD TRAP FRIIS, electrical engineer, to study wireless telegraphy and telephony at the College of the City of New York.
JOHANNES MICHELSEN, master of arts, to study the theory and practice of library work at the New York State Library School.

HONORARY (without stipend)

ELISABETH NORDENTOFT, dentist, to study orthodontistry at the University of California and the University of Pennsylvania.

FROM SWEDEN

PER ENGSTRÖM, dentist, to study at the Dental College of the University of Minnesota.
GÖSTA LANGENFERT, master of arts, to study American literature.

On account of war conditions, no Scholarships were awarded to American students for study in Scandinavia. The usual subvention was granted the *Publications* of the Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Studies, and a number of smaller stipends for study in America.

Books

THE HOLY CITY. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by Velma Swanston Howard. Doubleday Page & Company. Price \$1.50.

There seems to be no particular reason for the tedious controversy in the prologue to this book. All that it demonstrates is brought out in succeeding pages. And in spite of the witchery of the "pale-green moonlight" over Palestine—"the Old World's haunted chamber"—one tires of the weakened rushes of those dry husks of faiths, advancing and crumbling upon one another.

The story paints vividly the sufferings of the Swedish pilgrims in the little communistic colony. With a curious other-worldliness that seems incompatible with their sturdy peasant earth-hunger, they endure privation and persecution. The pale flame of their faith throws a weird and flickering light over the cesspool that is Jerusalem. We seem to be looking at the ancient city through green glasses. They are particularly hated and traduced by their American neighbors, who exhibit a refined manifestation of the mob spirit. Here, however, the author shows a misconception of American psychology. It is true, the American spirit can be cruel, brutal, and destructive—savage beyond belief; but it is rarely underhanded or treacherous. It does not maintain a fair front while slowly eating at foundations. Rather it mounts in hot rushes with a tidal fury and subsides—leaving hardly a ripple.

I do not think the *form* of this book equals that of *Jerusalem* or some of the early masterpieces. Having read and laid it aside, I see it in brilliant flashes rather than as a perfect and rounded whole. Technically it is an advance. The author has done nothing finer than the killing of Gunhild by the sun. Here is no interpretation of the sun by one who has tossed under his love-bites on yellow beaches. Only one whose child eyes had opened on snowed-in places and whose young flesh had been stroked by icy winds could have given this bitter and alien aspect of the sun.

The episode opens like the tolling of a bell. When Gunhild steps out into the blazing noon, with the fanged letter like an asp clutched to her breast, we feel the inevitable end. Here Slander seems to have attained a deadly and conscious entity. It is the first assassin. The vulture sun, over-hovering, only strikes deeper into the yet living prey. The style coruscates like a malign jewel. "Tiny sharp arrows seemed to shoot up from the glittering granules of the road-stones; the green window-panes of a convent at the wayside sparkled so that she dare not glance up at them; the steel key in a door sent out little threatening rays." When at last, maddened, she faces about and looks full at her torturer—"And there rolled the sun, like a great bluish-white flame! As Gunhild stood blinking at it, the whole sky turned black, and the sun shrank to a mere spark, with a malevolent glint. Suddenly it seemed to break away from the heavens and come shooting down." This is great art, and Lagerlöf walks with the masters.

The situations between Gertrude and Bo are treated with delicacy and charm. We feel and share the writer's intimacy with both. It is different with Barbara. We feel the latter's travail—vaguely. But when we catch a glimmer of her mind, it is as though one glimpsed a witch's eyes through wind-blown leaves on a grey day. But Ingmar Ingmarsson's weighty, unmagnetic personality is always overpoweringly with us—his great hands seem to paw the pages. When Gertrude seems likely to float away on her ecstatic fancy, it is fitting that he should be the ballast to bring her unerringly back to earth.

The end is unconvincing. When art tries to pick up life's dropped stitches, the result is likely to approximate patchwork—even in the hands of so gifted an artist as Selma Lagerlöf.

It is not necessary to understand Swedish to see that the translator has lost as little as is possible in a shuffle of languages. The wonderful individuality of style—a style unlike that of any other writer I know of—has been perfectly preserved. Everywhere the meaning has been conveyed not only by the good but by the magic word, so that there is a complete collaboration between sense and sound.

LOLA RIDGE.

ASGARD AND THE GODS. The tales and traditions of our Northern ancestors. Adapted from the work of Dr. W. Wägner by N. W. Macdowell and edited by W. S. W. Anson, with illustrations. 326 pp. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York. Price \$2.00 net.

During the early creative period which brought forth the old Norse literature, the peoples of the North were yet pagan in spirit, though nominally converted to the Christian faith. Their literature is to such an extent the product of pre-Christian views that it can be understood only in the light of the myths and folkloristic popular beliefs in which their religious and moral conceptions are embodied. No one could attempt to unravel the intricate web of their poetry or seek to understand Teutonic intellectual and social life without knowledge of so important a branch as mythology. Even in modern life and art, the old conceptions are firmly enough imbedded. The familiar coils of Fafnir still enliven the finest work of jeweler and woodcarver, the melancholy *nök* sobs in our songs and through our melodies, valkyries storm in our operas, and the nightmare troubles us in our dreams. If we wish to know somewhat fully our own art and ideas, we must study the old myths which in one form or another have become our intellectual heritage. Dr. W. Wägner greatly facilitates this work by placing in our hands a well-written book on Teutonic mythology and popular beliefs, *Asgard and the Gods*. He has sought to present a general survey of the subject by adding to the more prominent features of Norse mythology the mythical traditions still found especially in Germany. The stories of Kyffhäuser, Berchta, Holda, and the Lorelei are placed with the myths connected with the chief deities, an arrangement which is justified in so far as the more recent popular tales have grown out of the older myths. It gives the book the character of a collection of romantic narratives, but makes it also a rich depository of traditions frequently met with even in modern literature. Now and then the author goes rather far afield, as when he speaks of Chinese and Indo-Chinese languages, of the Phenicians in the North, or when he draws comparisons between Teutonic and Hindu myths. These features might with advantage have been omitted, as they are out of keeping with the popular tenor of the work. They are too cursory to be of much aid to the scholar, and too obscure and remote to be of interest to the general reader. The work is written from the romanticist's and folklorist's point of view, in a form which naturally lends itself to a popular presentation of the subject. The poetic features of the myths become especially prominent under this mode of treatment, which appeals to the imagination, awakens sympathy for the heroes of the narrative and sustains interest in its dramatic events. It is a form of presentation which appeals especially to the young reader. But it has the disadvantage that it never penetrates deeply. It does not show the inner coherency of the myths; the efforts to express through them a solemn and somber view of man's life and his ultimate destiny. The deeper meaning of mythology finds no interpretation; nor could this be done in a book of so popular a character. The work is ably written and well illustrated. It will be a welcome addition especially to college and high-school libraries.

K. G.

S W E D E N

Strindberg · Lagerlöf

N O R W A Y

Björnson · Ibsen

D E N M A R K

Brandes · Drachmann

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Brief Notes

The Augustana Book Concern has added two more volumes to its Swedish texts, *Svensk Diktning* (Selections from Swedish Poets), arranged by Mauritzen and Olson. The books will be most welcome to all teachers of Swedish. They include specimens of lyric poetry from Dalin to Heidenstam and Karlfeldt, the two latter being the only living authors included. The biographical sketches, notes, and vocabulary make a very complete apparatus for the students. The text seems brief in proportion, but is sufficient to stimulate the reader to further investigation. Bellman, Lidner, Runeberg, and Topelius are not represented; we hope they are but held over for a separate volume.

J. A. Jakobsen's *The Crank* is a début with a promise. It is a political play with a plot based on the various intrigues and surprises incidental to a gubernatorial campaign, and the denouement discloses the comforting truth that honesty is the best policy. The characters are well drawn, and, in spite of some monologues savoring of the platform, the action moves with increasing speed and interest to the climax in the last act. Russell Pike is a type new to the American stage, the gamin-gangster. The women, as might be expected in a political play, are little but decorative setting. The play is brought out by Nordmanden Publishing Company in Grand Forks.

Forty-two Swedish artists exhibited 116 paintings, miniatures, and sculptures at the annual art exhibit of the Swedish Club in Chicago, which was held from April 28 to May 5. This year the prizes were either Liberty Bonds or Thrift Stamps, and were awarded to Alfred Jansson, Chicago; Helge Anderson, Boston, and Karl F. Skoog, Cambridge, Mass. Einar Bergstein and Edwin Pearson, both of Chicago, received honorable mentions. The show was largely attended, not only by Swedes, but by art-lovers generally throughout Chicago.

Under the general title *Bibliothèque Scandinave*, a series of publications analogous to the translations into English published by the American-Scandinavian Foundation has been instituted in France under the direction of M. Lucien Maury. This carefully edited collection of French translations from Northern authors is being inaugurated by an edition of *The Logic of Poetry* by Professor H. Larsson of the University of

Lund. It is planned to bring out two volumes a year, and to subscribers of the *Bibliothèque Scandinave*, who pay an initiation fee of five francs, there will be a uniform price of four francs per volume. Subscriptions may be sent to the general secretary, Mr. Paul Desfeuilles, "Editions Ernest Leroux," 28 Rue Bonaparte, Paris (VI).

As a further proof of the interest in Scandinavia which seems growing in France, we note the following recent publications:

Jacques de Coussanges: "La Scandinavie et la Guerre," *Revue de Paris*, July 1, 1915. Jacques de Coussanges: "Verner de Heidenstam," *Revue des Deux Mondes*, May 1, 1917. Paul Verrier: "Le Slesvig," *Revue de Paris*, May 1, 1917. F. Baldensperger: "De Descartes à Gobineau," *Revue de Paris*, June 1, 1917. Edouard Soulier: "Les Pays du Nord et la France," *Correspondant*, August 10, 1917. S. Rocheblave: "Chez les Neutres du Nord, II: de Hollande en Scandinavie," *Revue des Deux Mondes*, October 15, 1917. P. G. La Chesnais: "La Paix de Stockholm," *Grande Revue*, January, 1918.

A magnificent Campanile dedicated at the University of California on the Charter Day of the institution, last March, was the gift of a Norwegian woman, the late Jane K. Sather. It is made of granite and marble and towers high above all the other buildings of the campus. A remarkable system of bells brought from England plays chimes three times a day and has a repertoire including some Norse folk-songs. The Campanile is not the only gift of Mrs. Sather to the University. She had previously presented it with the Sather Esplanade and the Sather Gate, besides endowing two professorships, one in classical literature and one in history.

In the midst of war activities, Lindsborg has not neglected its usual art exhibition held in connection with the Messiah Festival. Besides the "Lindsborg School" there were artists from Chicago and San Francisco represented. Among the visitors were Madame Olive Fremstad, who showed her interest in Western art by purchasing two paintings and three lithographs by Birger Sandzén. Other works by Sandzén were acquired by Professor Schofield and Mr. Reed Miller.

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